

YES!

I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY,
A VERY POPULAR SONG,



AS SUNG WITH DISTINGUISHED ECLAT,

By Mrs. H. P. GRATTAN, Miss TAYLOR, Miss ROSALIE, Miss HOOD, &c. &c.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

H. P. GRATTAN, ESQ.

THE MUSIC BY

J. T. CRAVEN.

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ALLEGRETTO.

GENT.

Yes! I should like to marry If that I could find A-ny pretty Lady Suit-ed to my

LADY.

Yes! I should like to marry If that I could find A-ny handsome fellow Suit-ed to my

mind, Oh! I should like her witty, Oh! I should like her good, With a little Money,

mind, Oh! I should like him dashing, Oh! I should like him gay, The leader of the fashion, And

Yes indeed I should Oh! I should like to marry If that I could find A-ny pret-ty

dandy of the day. Oh! I should like to marry If that I could find A-ny handsome

Lady Suit-ed to my mind.

fellow Suit-ed to my mind.

I

Yes! I should like to marry,
 If that I could find
 Any handsome fellow
 Suited to my mind.
 Oh! I should like him dashing,
 Oh! I should like him gay,
 The leader of the fashion,
 And dandy of the day.
 Yes! I should, &c.

2

Oh! I should like his hair
 As "*Clirchugh's*" wigs divine—
 The sort of thing each fair
 Would envy being mine.
 He must n't be too short;
 He must n't be too burly;
 But slim, and tall, and straight,
 With *moustache* and whiskers curly.
 Yes! I should, &c.

3

His coach, too, he must drive,
 With a tiny tiger dear;
 And a private box at "*Mitchell's*,"
 And "*Niblo's*," by the year.
 He must n't wish to have
 All things just his own way;
 He must mope when I am grave,
 And be gay when I am gay.
 Yes! I should, &c.

4

And now, my nice young men,
 I must bid you all adieu,
 And if you do n't object,
 Some advice I'll give to you:
 Just recollect that "*Atwill*"
 Has issued forth *this lay*,
 At his *Saloon de Musique*,
 Two hundred one *Broadway*.
 Yes! I should, &c.

I

Yes! I should like to marry,
 If that I could find
 Any pretty lady
 Suited to my mind.
 Oh! I should like her witty,
 Oh! I should like her good,
 With a little *money*—
 Yes, indeed, I should.
 Yes! I should, &c.

2

Oh! I should like her hair
 To cluster like the vine;
 I should like her eyes
 To look like sparkling wine:
 And let her brows resemble
 Sweet *Diana's* crescent;
 Let her voice to me
 Be always soft and pleasant.
 Yes! I should, &c.

3

Oh! let her feet be nearly
 Like to the Chinese,
 Who, little feet to make,
 In wooden shoes do squeeze.
 Oh! let her form be upright,
 Both elegant and free,
 With a gentle temper—
 Then we shall agree.
 Oh! I should like, &c.

4

And now, my fair young ladies,
 Oh! do not be unkind—
 For you shall have a husband
 Just suited to *your* mind:
 And if with this you're pleased,
 And wish to learn *this lay*,
 Just purchase it at "*Atwill's*"—
 His store is in *Broadway*.
 Yes! I should, &c.